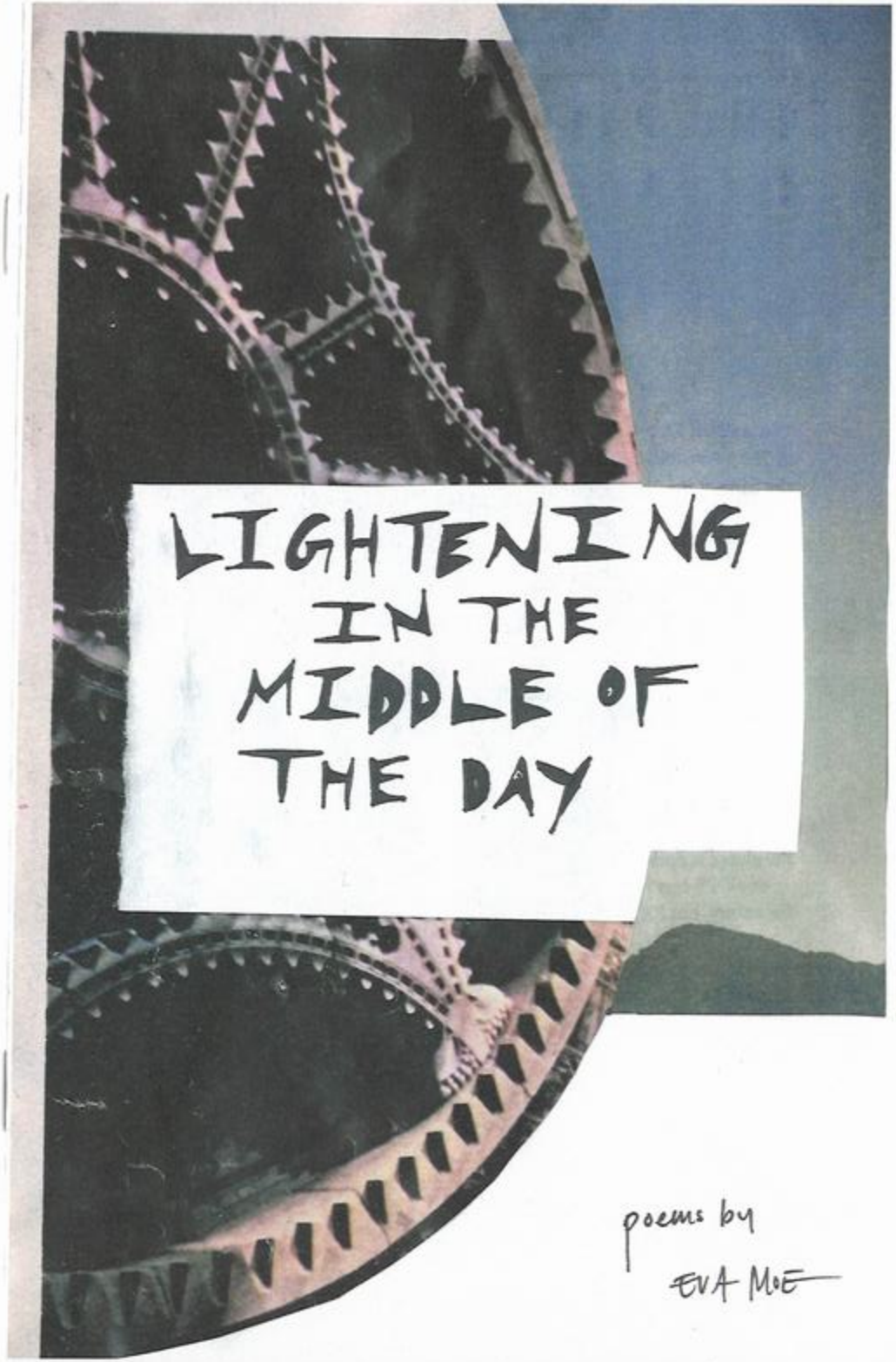
LIGHTENING
IN THE
MIDDLE OF
THE DAY
poems by
EVA MOE

PARALLEL

Playing the violin again
I don't know who I am with it
Do I not seem like it
Has it left me
Are the two of us together
Strange and
Incompatible?

FAITH SAYS

Faith says you woke up somewhere
with an open world and directions
Found a horse
with the nose of a bloodhound.
He wants to head West
towards the cold
but you don't let him yet.

You're a cowboy in a canyon
And when the red dust frosts you like a cake
You come back this way.
Put your big ears down
And your heavy mallet
The piano will miss you when it lands.

You unbolted those wooden arms of hers and now
She lies flat on the floor, hingeless.
She sings through the tile
all the way down.
She has the water and the music
and the snow you gathered rolling over here.

LIGHTENING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY

the string of fate pulls you forward-
forward to the next song forward to the skill tree, branches
torn off like arms
lie at your feet
and the air is blue tinted, cool and smells of steel.
A student who knows all the rules
and pivots.
There will be a ceremony in the woods
there will be a test later
there will be a smarter person
somebody else, their turn for it
there's a lot more than one place you can go
and you pivot.

NEW BAND

Music goes from one of you
to the other
the same way a lake will
skip the stone
back to you, place it gently
in your hands.

A chorus cloud parts.
Open, yellowing sky.
You are both
fish without Poseidon
and gods with
one church.

JUST ADD WATER

You are lonely because you use the microwave
for your dreams now instead of the sun.
You are Just Add Water you are unbecome
leaf in the sun
I keep my mouth on a leash
and songs in the freezer.
Like a rubber band pulled taught in front of an eye
Love This Love This Like I Do.

Projectors play with light
a light pressed through the bulb
comes out my color
came out my cadmium red
a shovel in the shed.

You are lonely because you know about More
You were lonely before
your shoes untied themselves / kicked your shadows at the wall
against your thieving and Octobers.
You hug the wall
Make it a person
It's a puppet
Puppet master
Master of kicking shadows at the wall
Master of using shovels without handles
Master of whispering to a metronome
You are the unusual-est time signature
You play the needless key change
You changed into your ugliest clothes
You changed into Unbridled
Your horses are my color
My color is fear
Greater than the sun
You smile through it and
You just add water.

Apartment I

As put away as it can be before you come over with your batteries and open lung. We are recording the river or the birds and will watch as we both guess the meaning of *bulrush* and if it's as hard to pass through as the tongue makes it sound. We will watch for the sound, watch for the bird wings and ask if they've seen this in their ancestry before, to know something in their baths if they saw what it means to be stuck on land making our feet sick first.

I put the sweater back, bright green, I fold it the way a bird folds a puddle. I can only trace your reflection in the water and pretend I am the water too. You have a bow with no need for arrows, you let them all loose. The four of them italicized in mud. Clean

Apartment II

It's taking everybody's toothpicks to keep me standing. Tetherball on a plate, dinner plate next to the coffee and my cold feet up on the window. I'm sliding towards the city. Wished for a birthday further away - it is a surge of water my nose isn't ready for in the summer with the hose and artificial rainbows and wet grass stuck to ankles and the old tear in my leg tugged taught as a bowstring you aren't supposed to pull back without an arrow. I am a habit bad for its mechanism.

There is a day of the week with time in it somewhere, hidden inventory, hidden day entirely fabled - a rider with a cloak and satin brown horse could come do these dishes and hunt for the nuts I buried last winter. You could come find the red paint and leather string and yellow yarn and tell me what to keep. If only there was someone as present as next week who could tell me what to keep.

CUE

Someone else heard this buzzing and called it a B flat.
Someone else heard *Beetlejuice Beetlejuice Beetlejuice*
and I still did not come to you. I heard *be the juice* and
chose apple. I heard a tuning fork and harmonized *hum*
hum hum god the sound of my voice was blue as sky.
blue blue blue as sky. Someone else knew how to swim
like a kite and still be tethered to the ground.
Someone else was

the ground and the quick callous on the finger from
the string. A sharp line. Someone else was the wind
twirling like a warm-up, an arpeggio clear as a flute.
As a B flat, as a summoning, as a *come to me*, as an
I told you my name, please hear it please hear it.
Someone else heard this buzzing and knew it
right away and knew
what to do with it.

Thank you for reading!
Feb. 2026, Minneapolis, MN

www.evamoe.com